LADY ATHLYNE

Copyright, 1908, by BRAM STOKER
Entered at Stationer's Hall—All rights reserved

(Continued.)

Judy did not comprehend exactly what the trouble was. She could see that there was restraint on both sides, and was wondering whether it had been possible that he had been speaking too impulsively—"going too quick" was the way she put it to herself—and that Joy had resented or feared it. Not the fact but the rapidity. Well Judy knew that in her youth a woman most holds back when the wildest desire of her heart is to rush forward; that the instinct of woman being to draw man on, she will spend the last ounce of her strength in pushing him back. Judy had once said:

"A woman wants a man to be master, and specially to be her master. She wants to feel that when it comes to a struggle she hasn't got a chance with him, either to fight or to run away. That's why we like to make a man follow when in truth we are dying to run after him—and to catch him up!" Some of her circle to whom the heterdox saying had been repeated professed to be very indignant as well as horrified. This was chiefly noticeable in such of the most elderly of the good ladies as had a lurid past or a large family, or both.

If, however, Judy had any doubts as to the cause she had none whatever of the fact. There was no mistaking the droop of Joy's eyes, or the sudden lifting and quick dropping of the lids which makes the densest man's heart flutter; no mistaking his eager look; the glowing eyes ranging over face and form when the windows of her soul were closed, and entranced in their light when they were open. Judy herself knew the power of those grey, deep eyes. Even when her niece had been a baby there seemed something hypnotic about them. They could disarm anger, or change the iron of theory into the water of fact. Often the matter over she had said to herself:

"Lord! if she's like that as a baby with me, what will she be with a man when she's a woman!" Judy who was a self-observer knew instinctively that in Joy was an inherent influence over men. There was some very subtle, delicate force which seemed to emanate from her; some force at once compelling and tranquillizing, for the explanation of which mere will-power was insufficient. The power was now in active exercise; but it was turned inwards. Joy was in love! Judy knew it as well as if she had herself acknowledged it; indeed better, for the acknowledgment of such a secret, except to the man himself, is given with reserve. And so she made up her mind to further the affair; but to prevent Joy betraying herself unduly during such furtherance. By "unduly" Judy really meant "unwisely" as to ultimate and most complete efficacy.

She had an idea that Joy herself would approve, at present of such discretion. It seemed a direct confirmation of such idea when presently the girl said to her in a faint whisper:

"Don't go away again Aunt Judy!"

When, however, in the course of conversation as the three sat chatting together happily, Mr. Hardy mentioned that his ship sailed in the early morning and she saw the colour leave the girl's cheeks for a moment, just as a white squall sweeps a sunlit sea, Judy's heart softened. She understood that retreating wave of colour. Nature has its own analogies to its own anomalies; there is a white blackbird, why not a white blush! So when the time drew near for the departure of the visitor Judy slipped away for a minute. When she had gone the two sat still. Athlyne's eyes were on Joy, eager, burning. Her eyes were down, the black lashes curling against her cheeks. In a voice rather husky he said in a low tone:

"Won't you think of me sometimes till we meet again?" Her answer was given in what she wished to be a matter-of-fact tone, but the slight quaver in it told another story:

"Of course I shall! How can I help it? You saved my life!" There was an entrancing demureness in the downcast eyes. But it was not enough for the man. He wanted to see the eyes, to gaze in them, to lose himself in them once again. There is for each individual nature some distinctive way of expressing itself. Sometimes it is the mouth which tells the story; sometimes it is by simple existence such as the lines of the nose or forehead, by the shape and movement of the hands; sometimes by a characteristic habit. Joy's nature spoke through the eyes; perhaps it is, that intention is best given by the eyes. Anyhow the lover wanted to see them.

In a low voice—not a whisper—that thrilled with intensity he said:

"Joy, look at me!" He spoke her name, though it was for the first time quite unconsciously. As she heard it Joy's heart beat so that she feared he would notice it, and all the self-protective instincts of womanhood rose at the thought. For an instant her face glowed; then it grew pale again. She did not hesitate, however. She raised her eyes and looked him full in the face. Her cheeks were flaming now, but she did not heed it. In the face of nature what, after all, is convention. As Athlyne lost himself in those wonderful eyes he had a wild almost over-mastering desire to take her in his arms and kiss her straight on the beautiful mouth. He was bending towards her for the purpose, she was swaying towards him, he believed; but for long afterwards he could not be sure of the matter.

But suddenly he saw a change in the girl's face, a look of something like terror which seemed in an instant to turn her to stone. It was but a momentary change, however. The spasm passed, and, just as though it was to his eyes as if he had waked from a dream, she was her easeful self again. At the same moment the outer door of the piece opened and Mrs. Ogilvie's voice was heard as she entered:

"Judy, I am so glad! I am told he has not gone yet. I should have been so sorry if I had not seen him!" When she entered the room, three seconds later, she found the two young people talking quietly according to the demure common-place of convention.

Mrs. Ogilvie was very hearty in her manner; a little more hearty than usual, for she had a sort of feeling as if something extra in the way of civility was due to him after the way her husband had spoken of him. This was illustrative of two things. First the woman's unconscious acceptance of an unfavourable criticism of an absent person, as if it had been made to and not merely of him; second the way the sterness of a man's judgment is viewed by the females of his family. She insisted that Mr. Hardy should stay for tea and asked Joy to ring and order it.

Joy had been at once relieved and disappointed by the sudden entry of her mother. The maidenhood in her was glad of the postponement of the necessity for her surrender; the womanhood in her was disappointed by it. She was both maid and woman; let the female reader say, and the male reader guess, which feeling most predominated. She was glad that he was staying a little longer; for so she might at least feast her eyes on him again; but it was at best a chastened gladness, for well she knew that that thrilling moment would not come again—during that interview. And he was going away next morning!

Athlyne, too, was ill at ease. He, too, knew there would be no more opportunity now to follow up his declaration. The chagrin of his disappointment almost made him cross, such being the nature of man. Here, however, both his breeding and the kindliness of his nature stood to him; the shadow quickly passed. Later on in the evening, when he was thinking the matter over, he came to the conclusion that the interposition, though he did not attribute it to any divine origin, was after all perhaps best. It could not, or might not, suit him to declare himself so quickly. He felt that under the circumstances of his false name it would be necessary, or at any rate wise, to take Colonel Ogilvie into his confidence before declaring himself to his daughter.

It is thus that we poor mortals deceive ourselves. He had been just about to declare himself in the most passionate and overt way a man can; by taking the girl in his arms and kissing her, without even a passing thought of her father. But now, from some other cause, quite outside the girl and even without her knowledge, he found his duty. One might with this knowledge easily differentiate the values of "necessary" and "wise" in his mind regarding his confession to her father.

Joy found a very distinct, though shy, pleasure in handing him tea and cake. Judy as usual presided at the tea-table. She did not interfere unduly with her niece's ministrations, but she took care that she had plenty of opportunities. "Joy dear won't you see if Mr. Hardy will take more tea?"—"has Mr. Hardy enough sugar?" and so forth She had noticed those sudden liftings of the girl's eyes, and knew what they meant to a woman—and to a man. Athlyne did not as a rule make tea a "square" meal, but this time he got in that direction. He refused nothing she offered. He would have accepted death at her hands now, if it would have pleased her; and it was only the girl's discretion which saved the situation.

In due time he made his adieux and took his leave. With Joy there was no more than a handshake. It was perhaps part of a second longer than customary, but the force with which the squeeze was given lingered long in her memory. Perhaps it was the pain inflicted in the operation which made her often during the evening, when she was alone, caress the possibly wounded hand! That night she went to sleep with her right hand pressed to her heart.

Judy had a wild impulse to tell Joy to go to the door with the departing guest, but in the presence of her mother she did not dare to suggest it. Had she been alone she would probably have done so.

Athlyne walked away with his mind a whirl. In his heart he was ever surging up through all other thoughts that one sublime recognition which comes to every man at least once in his life: that which Sir Geraint voiced:

"Here, by God's rood is the one maid for me!" To this all other thoughts gave way. It obsessed him. When he came to Forty Second Street he did not turn towards the hotel but kept straight on up Fifth Avenue till he reached Central Park. He felt the need of movement. He wanted to be alone in the open. At Central Park his steps took him seemingly of their own account towards the Riverside Drive. When he came to a place amongst trees seeming to hang over the river he sat on a seat and gave way to his thoughts. There was no one near him. Below him was the quiet river with its passing life; beyond, the Jersey shore so distant that details of life were not apparent. He took off his hat, more in reverence than for ease as he thought of the beautiful girl who had so strangely come into life. Over and over again he said to himself in endless repetition:

"Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy!" He sat till the light began to fail and for long after the sudden darkness of the American night had swooped down. Then he went home.

In the hotel he found a visitor waiting for him. Mr. Breckenridge had come to say good-bye. He did so with so much heartiness that Athlyne could not bear to be aught but hearty himself. Though he longed to be alone he insisted on the young fellow coming up to his own rooms.

The boy was not quite at ease so Athlyne said to him:

"There is something on your mind. What is it?"

"Well, look here, sir," he answered gravely. "You have treated me like a comrade, and I want to treat you like one!"

"Go on, old chap. I'm listening." Not without some nervousness the other proceeded:

"I saw in the Journal last evening that you had dined on Sunday evening in the Holland with Colonel Ogilvie."

"Those damned reporters!" interrupted Athlyne, but at once told him with a wave of his hand to proceed:

"That hung in my mind from something you said to me the other evening. That confidence which I shall always value." Othlyne nodded. He went on:

"I know something of that family. I'm from Kentucky myself; and I was there for a while—that time of the nigger disturbance you know—and I was quartered not far from Airlville. I have met Colonel Ogilvie; but it was on duty and amongst a good many others so he would not remember me. I never met any of his family; but I need not tell you that I fell in love with Miss Ogilvie. No fellow could help that; one glimpse of her is enough—However—— I heard a lot down there about the old man, and as I was keen about the girl I took it all in and remembered it. I want to tell you this, because he is a very peculiar man. He is a splendid old chap. As brave as a lion, and as masterful as Teddy Roosevelt himself. But all the same he has his ideas which are hardly up to date. He is as stern as Fate in matters of—of—well, social matters. They told me a story of him which when I recalled it has troubled me since I saw you. It was about a man whose identity he mistook and who for a jest allowed the error to go, and kept it up. He was a Northern of course, for a Southern would have understood, and our boys are sometimes very keen on a joke. But it was no joke when the old man tumbled to it. He called it an unforgivable outrage and insisted on fighting over it. I tell you it nearly cost the joker his life. He was drilled right though, and only escaped death by a miracle. I tell you all this, sir because of your confidence in me. If I might make asuggestion—you won't think it beastly presumptuous of me will you?" Athlyne held out his hand; the other after shaking it, went on: "I would venture to suggest that—of course if you have not done so already—you should take him into your confidence before leaving here. It might be awkward if the old man were to find out for himself. He would think it a want of trust, and he might never forgive it. I am sure you would like to meet him and his again—you know you can't save the life of a girl like that every day——" He stopped there, confused and blushing.

Athlyne was touched by the young man's kindly frankness and sincerity. He thanked him heartily but in a regretful way added:

"Unfortunately I didn't tell him. It was all so quick, and there was no opportunity when we did meet; and now I may not have the chance for some time. It would not do to write; I must see him and explain. And I go away early to-morrow. But be sure of this: the very first chance I get I shall tell him. I do wish for the friendship of him and his; and I should be main sorry if any foolishness hindered it. I shall have to do it carefully, I can see from what you tell me that he may construe my accepting his hospitality in my assumed name as an offence." He went to the door with his friend, but before parting he said:

"By the way I should like you to do something for me if you don't mind. I have asked the Horse Exchange people to get me another mount of the same strain as my black, a mare this time. I have given them full instructions, and if you will, I shall tell them that they must have your approval. I want some one who knows a good horse; and as I have given them carte blanche as a price it is right I should have some one to refer to. They are to send it to England for me."

When Breckenridge was gone he set about his preparations for his early start. Strange to say he never thought of dinner at all that day; the omission may have been due to his hearty tea! As he worked he thought gravely over what his young friend had told him. He could see good cause for concern. Colonel Ogilvie's attitude towards misrepresentation only echoed his own feeling. He came to the conclusion that there lay before him much thought; and possibly much action.

But all the same this branch of the subject did not monopolize his thoughts that night. As he lay awake he kept repeated to himself again, and again, and again:

"Joy! Joy! Joy! Joy!" He fell asleep with the words on his lips. The thought continued in his heart.

(To be Continued.)

If you have backache and urinary troubles you should take Foley's Kidney Remedy to strengthen and build up the kidneys so they will act properly, as a serious kidney trouble may develop. F. B. Brill, local agent.
*1 3 5

RELIGIOUS SERVICES

Christ Episcopal church, Courtland street, Rev. E. J. Craft, rector—Holy communion, 8 a. m.; morning prayer, 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school, 12:15 p. m.; evening prayer 7:30.

Trinity church, Broad street and Fairfield avenue, Rev. William Brewster Stoskopf, rector. Low Sunday. Mass, 8 a. m. Matins, 10 a. m. Procession, choral mass and sermon 10:30 a. m. Sunday school 12:10. Choral evensong, sermon and procession, 7:30 p. m. There will be no services during the week.

First Congregational church, corner Broad and Bank streets, Rev. John DePeu, pastor. Service with sermon, 10:30 a. m., annual collection for the Sunday school. Second service, 4:30 p. m. Sunday school and Bible class at noon. Wednesday evening prayer meeting in the chapel at 7:45 o'clock.

King's Highway Congregational church, Spring street near Noble avenue, Rev. P. E. Mathias, pastor. Services: Preaching 10:45; Sunday school 12:15; C. E. 6:30; preaching 7:30. Morning sermon by Rev. Morgan Millar, evening sermon by the pastor, subject, "Unanswered Prayer." During the morning service there will be an address to boys and girls.

Olivet Congregational church, North avenue and Main street, Morgan Millar, minister. All seats free. Morning service at 10:30, Rev. P. E. Mathias of the King's Highway church will preach. Evening service at 7:30. At this service the minister will begin a series of Sunday evenig addresses on "The Messages of the Poets." The subject tomorrow evening will be "Dante and His Great Epic of the Inner Life." Wednesday evening at 7:45, exposition of the International Sunday school lesson. Everybody welcome.

West End Congregational church, Colorado avenue, between Fairfield avenue and State street, W. Irving Maurer, minister. Sermon tomorrow morning at 10:30 by Rev. W. G. Lathrop of Shelton. Sunday school at noon. Christian Endeavor meeting at 6:30 p. m., subject, "Sunday Observance." Evening service at 7:30, subject, "Hosea, the Prophet of God's Love."

Washington Park Methodist Episcopal church, corner of Barnum and Noble avenues. Morning service at 10:30 with sermon by the pastor, Rev. Charles Elmore Barto; subject, "The Amiable Tabernacles of God." Sunday school at noon hour. Epworth League at 6:30, led by Mr. Guy A. Robinson. Evening service at 7:30 with sermon by the pastor. Subject, "Faith Heroes." Strangers welcome.

In the First Methodist Episcopal church, Fairfield avenue and Broad street, the pastor, George M. Brown, will speak morning and evening. At 10:30 the subject of the sermon will be "A Pastor, the People, and their Church." Sunday school at 12:15, Mr. George S. Hawley superintendent. The Epworth League service at 6:15 will be conducted by John W. Kearns and a solo will be given by Mr. Lembert Moulthrop. At 7:30 the service will open with familiar songs and the subject of the sermon will be "Learning to Sing a New Song."

People's Presbyterian Church,
Lincoln Hall, 10:30 A. M.
Minister, Rev. H. A. Davenport.
Second Anniversary.
Sacraments. Members Welcomed.
Soloists, Mrs. Lyons, Miss Ginand.
Other services, 12:10, 4 and 5 P. M.
Monday evening,
Rev. F. A. M. Brown, D. D.

First Presbyterian church, State street, corner Myrtle avenue, Rev. John MacLaren Richardson, pastor. Services: 10:30 a. m., 7:30 p. m. Topics: Morning, "Life's Breakdown." In the evening the pastor will speak of the reasons which spoil so many of our purposes in the Christian life. Sunday school, 12:10.

First Church of Christ, Scientist, 871 Lafayette St. Service at 11 a. m. Subject, "Doctrine of Atonement." Sunday school 12:15. Wednesday evening testimonial meeting at 8 o'clock. Reading room open every week day morning from 10 to 1, and every afternoon including Sunday from 3 to 5. Also open Friday evenings. All are welcome to both the services, and to the privileges of the reading room.

Lawyer Marsh Selected

Judge Howard J. Curtis yesterday afternoon in the Superior court, civil side, appointed Arthur M. Marsh as a committee to hear the evidence in the divorce proceedings brought by E. Pierpont Rowland, a prominent resident of Fairfield, against May H. Rowland of this city, daughter of Mr. Edward Harrall, president of the Fairfield Rubber Co. The allegation of the plaintiff is desertion in 1905

AYER'S HAIR VIGOR
Stops Falling Hair
Destroys Dandruff
An Elegant Dressing
Makes Hair Grow
Does not Color the Hair
J. C. AYER COMPANY, Lowell, Mass.

The D. M. Read Co.
Established 1857.

Of Interest to the Shopper

A certain Library Suite which comprises four pieces, large divan, fireside chair, arm chair and rocker, looks to belong to the Queen Anne period. But the feet are heavily carved ball and claw, and the mahogany frames very massive, therefore the Suite belongs to no exact period. The covering is of rich dark green leather, the best grade of horsehide, very soft, pliable, and durable beyond question, and the color is very agreeable to the eye. All the pieces are exceedingly comfortable and will go to make a beautiful and restful library. The group may be seen near the elevator landing in the first of the Furniture Rooms.

Circassian Walnut has come to be recognized as a very handsome wood for the cabinet maker. Among some new specimens are a large davenport and arm chair covered with green velvet. The high massive arms of both pieces are carved and polished, showing beautiful markings which shade from olive to chocolate brown. The carving and paneling bring out the coloring of the wood remarkably.

Casement Cloth is a most artistic material for curtains and hangings. The colorings and designs are arranged to imitate stained and leaded glass, and most effective patterns are shown. The cloth is in the upholstery store and very inexpensive.

The new Brooches designed to wear with the Dutch collars are huge and stylish. Usually they have a single large jewel, real or imitation, and lately there have appeared some wonderful reproductions of French miniatures, figures and portraits, which are very quaint and old fashioned.

A Tea Room Sandwich which is a growing favorite is made of some mysterious and savory compound which contains delicious cream cheese, sweet Spanish peppers, and nobody knows what else, but it is a toothsome combination.

The D. M. Read Co.

Radford B. Smith
1072 Main St. DEPARTMENT STORE, 89 Fairfield Av.
"THE STORE TO FIND SCARCE ARTICLES"

COUPON GOOD
MONDAY, APRIL 19
Long Ruffled Muslin Curtains
Two kinds
A pair with coupon for
21c

Have you ever seen anything to beat this in a Muslin Curtain Bargain?
Just as good as the first quality shades we sold a few days ago.
We now have a full stock of Lace and Muslin Curtains. A pair or the goods by the yard.
Also Door Panels. Narrow Lace for doors, etc.
You can have our Green Coupons with everything you buy.

EASTER TRIMMED MILLINERY
Quality and Style
W. E. HALLIGAN
989 Broad St.

Council of Administration Makes Convention Plans

The council of administration of the Department of Connecticut, United States Spanish War Veterans, met at the Bridgeport club, last night, to consider arrangements for the annual encampment, which will be held in New Haven, July 23 and 24. Bridgeport will be urged as the seat of the next encampment. Those present were: Department Commander William Lounsbury of Bridgeport; Department Quartermaster Mosely, of Hartford; Junior Vice Commander Johnson, of Hartford; Department Adjutant Evans of Bridgeport; and Messrs. Wollschaegler, of Meriden and N. G. Valentine of New Haven. Efforts will probably be made at the New Haven encampment to have the next one held in Bridgeport.

No Race Issue in Liberia Case

(Special from United Press.)

New York, April 17.—The report that a race issue was imminent as a result of the decision of the State and Navy departments to send the Liberian commission, consisting of two white men and Emmet J. Scott, a negro, secretary of Booker T. Washington, to Monrovia, the capital of Liberia, in the scout cruisers Salem, Chester and Birmingham, is unofficially denied. The officers of the Birmingham which was the ship selected to transport the negro official, say that there is nothing in the report by reason of the fact that they have no choice in the matter. They are bound by regulations, they say, and whatever their opinions may be they are unable to express them counter to naval rules.

PERSONAL MENTION.

George E. Stanton who resides at 709 Shelton street wishes to have it understood that he is not the George Stanton arrested yesterday for embezzlement, and that the alleged embezzler is no relation of his.

Great Britain's Rainfall.

Rainfall is a condition which has much to do with our health. A wet district with a good deal of subsoil water, making houses damp, is a locality in which rheumatism and consumption are likely to prevail. Over England and Wales the average yearly rainfall is about thirty-four inches, in Scotland it reaches forty-six inches and in Ireland about thirty-eight inches. Possibly the wettest parts of Britain are in Cumberland, where the rainfall may attain 150 inches per year. One inch of rain on one acre of ground means a hundred tons of water.—London Graphic.

Heritages.

Leave children an accumulated fortune of memories and inspirations and examples and hopes, so that they are rich in brain and heart and soul and service. Then if you happen to leave them a fortune besides, if they have all these, the fortune will be shorn of its possibilities of evil and will become an instrument of higher and nobler good.—M. J. Savage.

Protection.

Mrs. Albee—Of course, you married Mr. Bebee for lov ? Mr Bebee—Well, yes, I suppose you would call it that. I married him to protect him from no less than three widows in our street. If I hadn't snapped him up one of them would have been sure to get him.

The Covetous Man.

Go not to a covetous old man with any request too soon in the morning, before he hath taken in that day's prey, for his covetousness is up before him, and he is in ill humor, but stay till the afternoon, till he be satiated upon some borrower.—Fuller.

Farmer Want Ads. 1c a word.

Our new plan of Loaning Money
To Workingmen and Housekeepers
Our way of doing business is different from that of any other company you may have had dealings with. For one thing, we don't charge you as much; that in itself makes it worth while to see us before borrowing money. And then, another thing is that we don't beat around the bush about the cost, advertising one rate and giving you another when you come to the office. We couldn't very well do that and live up to a square deal and plain figures. We will loan you any amount from $10 up. Easy terms.
Call, write or phone 2018
American Loan ASSOCIATION,
Over Evening Farmer,
29 Fairfield Ave.,
BRIDGEPORT, - CONN.

THE PEOPLE'S DAIRY
28c -- BUTTER -- 28c
TELEPHONE 589 130 STATE ST.
GEO. A. ROBERTSON

THE JOSEPH P. COUGHLIN CO.
House Painters AND INTERIOR DECORATORS
Dealers in Wall Papers and Room Mouldings, Painters' Supplies. Estimates Given.
'Phone 1164-3 777-783 EAST MAIN ST.

IF YOU ARE GOING TO BE MARRIED THIS SPRING, SEE BUCKINGHAM & CO.
Young Folks! Don't tolerate any thought of going elsewhere until you have examined our line and prices.
Unsurpassed values in every department. Our large stocks and our very low prices combine to make our special offers attractive.
HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL HOME REQUISITES
N. BUCKINGHAM & CO., Inc.
Est. 1842 177 STATE STREET

FINE Wines and Liquors
BRIDGEPORT DISTRIBUTING CO.,
102 STATE STREET, NEAR PUBLIC MARKET
California Port or Sherry, 75 cents per gallon.
Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel, Rhine Wine, etc.
Full quart Sherwood Rye Whiskey, $1.00.
Cooking Brandy, Liquors, Cordials, Ale and Lager Beer
Free Delivery. Telephone 264-3

CIGARS THAT SATISFY In Quality and Price
No matter what you pay for cigars at D. D. Smith's you are certain of getting greater value than elsewhere. Goods are always fresh, as stock is moved quickly. Biggest line in the city and prices the most reasonable. Box trade a specialty.
Fine line of Pipes, Cigar Holders, Tobaccos in Tins and all Smokers' Accesories.
D. D. SMITH, Opp Poli's Theatre, Fairfield Avenue

WHERE TO GO THIS SUMMER
Not a bit too early for you to begin casting about for a place to go this summer. Summer's not so very far away.
You'll get the pick of the cottages—the most desirable rooms at the hotel or boarding cottage—if you look about now.
Cape Cod's to be the vogue this summer. You really ought to know about it.
Then there's Buzzard's Bay; there's Marthas Vineyard and Nantucket; there's Narragansett; there's Newport; there's Watch Hill and there's the beautiful shore line of Connecticut.
No other summering places can offer you greater or more varied attractions.
For information as to routes, train service, etc., write A. B. SMITH, General Passenger Agent, New Haven, Conn.
NEW YORK, NEW HAVEN & HARTFORD RAILROAD

LOS ANGELES
NEXT SUMMER
With the B. P. O. E.
LOW RATES VIA
UNION PACIFIC
Unequalled Service, Finest Equipment, Fast Time
THREE DAYS FROM CHICAGO
FOUR DAYS FROM NEW ENGLAND
For advertising matter, information, etc., address
W. MASSEY, N. E. F. & P. A.,
176, Washington St.,
Boston, Mass.
H 17 *tf

Want Ads. Cent a Word.